(COPT-RIGHT SECURED.) THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A STORY OF THE ISLAND ESTATE. BY MRS. EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH.

> BOOK SECOND. IX-CONTINUED.

A momentary shade of vexation passed, as light cloud, over the visage of Louise, and vanished. Louise was too happy to be annoyed by trifles. The family met at dinner. Louise explained, as far as the note did, the absence of Louis, and General Stuart-Gordon surmised that this business was in connection with the execution at Major Somerville's, and then he proceeded to give the account of it that he had heard in the

course of the day. Early the next morning, Mrs. Stuart-Gordon summoned her housekeeper, and gave her orders for the dinner. Little Louise was almost as happy as it was possible to be, and General Stuart-Gordon walked about leisurely and smilingly-

"And in the fulness of joy and hope Seemed washing his hands with invisible soan

In imperceptible water." Nothing was wanting to complete his happiness but this family reconciliation, and now it was about to come off. When three o'clock struck, he mounted his horse, and, attended by Apollo on a second, rode down to the bridge, to wait for and welcome Mrs. Armstrong there. He waited on the bridge, amusing himself by looking at the reflection of the green banks and graceful trees in the clear water, or in looking towards Mont Crystal for the appearance of the carriage. At last it came in sight, and wound slowly down the hill. General Stuart-Gordon rode forward, and, while Apollo held open the wide gate to admit the carriage when it had crossed the bridge, the General advanced to the carriage door, and, bowing to his very stirrup, said, earnestly-

"Mrs. Armstrong, I am most happy to see you! Permit me to attend you to the house, where the ladies await your coming with much impatience." "I thank you, sir, and welcome you back to our

neighborhood." Not one allusion, even by apology, was made to the past. The only difference was an elaborate deference of manner on the part of General Stuart-Gordon, and a stately graciousness on the house to announce madam's arriver on the tree are Rays, the courtly General himself rode at the lady's carriage side, opening the gates, pulling aside the boughs that crossed the road, &c. When the carriage drew up before the mansion, and Mrs. Armstrong prepared to alight, the General threw himself from his horse, opened the carrisge door, put down the steps, and, after assisting the lady to descend, drew her arm within his own, and led her up the stairs to the piazza, from whence Britannia and Louise advanced to receive her. Then, to show her the highest possible respect, instead of ringing for a servant, Britannia conducted Mrs. Armstrong to a dressing-room herself, performed the part of femme de chambre, by assisting the lady to lay off her bonnet, shawls, tippets, &c. Louise was there also, with sal volatile, cologne, and a glass of wine, in case her mother were fatigued.

The whole family strove, by showing Mrs. Armstrong the highest honor, to testify their appreciation of her visit. Britannia, entirely disarmed by Mrs. Armstrong's seeming kindness, and reproaching herself for the pride and vanity of her display on the day before, put off all state, sunk for the time the "Mrs. General Stuartenchanted with Brighty's goodness as to fall

If Mrs. Armstrong's seeming kindness had worked such miracles of reform, and created such happiness, what cannot real kindness do? Try its effect, reader, upon your worst enemy.

But Louis had not come home. Where was all in the drawing-room, and dinner was about to be served without Louis. Louise was not an exacting little wife. Her affection for Louis was too moderate and too disinterested for that; but would have felt a little lost and lonesome but for the presence of her mother. They dined without

don arrived in haste, weary, haggard, dusty, and that condition in the drawing-room, he hurried

"My dearest Louise," he said, coming forward and embracing her, "how happy I am to meet you again after a day's absence." "So am I glad to see you, Louis-and, oh!

Louis, mother has come !" "I saw her carriage. I shall be very happy to

"Now, dearest Louis-or rather, I mean, Louis,

you naughty truant, you !- what kept you away "Ah, Louise! a sad, sad business. Perhaps you heard of the execution at Major Somer

" Yes! yes!-well?" " Well, it appears that Susan wrote to my fa-

ther for assistance, and we never got the letter!"

execution, did nothing to arrest its ill effects, and, in one word, Louise, when I called on Miss Somerville this morning, I found her alone. plunged in grief at the expected sale of her foster-parents, George and Harriet, who were then supposed to be in the slave pen at Peakville. The sale was to have come off to-day. I hurried to Peakville at once, but arrived too late. A slave trader from Alexandria had already purchased them, and had set out for that town this very so much distressed, and I sympathized with her so keenly, that I have determined to set out for Alexandria to-morrow morning, hoping to reach

"And so you will leave me again so soon,

"Would you have me hesitate a moment, Lou-"Oh, no! Poor Susan! But how long will

you be gone, Louis?"

"A week, perhaps, my dear." here without you, Louis!"

During this little talk, Louis Stuart-Gordon had been changing his dress. His toilette being now complete, they went down stairs into the d.awing-room. Louis Stuart-Gordon advanced to Mrs. Armetrong and welcomed her with an easy grace, raising her hand respectfully to his lips with an affectionate gallantry, as if nothing had happened. Then turning, he explained to his father the nature of the business that had

"In that case, my dear son-in-law," said Mrs. Armstrong, "I shall invite your wife to pass the days of your absence at Mont Crystal. Do you consent to this, Louis?"

"With great pleasure, my dear madam, if Louise will be pleased, as of course she will, to avail herself of your kind invitation"

"What do you say, my daughter ?" "Oh, I shall be too happy!"

Mrs. Armstrong remained all night at The Isle of Rays. After breakfast, the next morn-

A CHAMBER SCENE A light, commodious cham's er Looking out to the hills where the shine Of the great sun may enter .- Mary Howitt.

The second day from the arrival of Louise at Mont Crystal saw the carriage of Mrs. Armstrong drawn up before the Island mansion. General Stuart-Gordon advanced from the house and came down the steps to assist the lady to "I am overjoyed to see you again so soon, my dear madam, and my little daughter-in-law whom

we have missed so much! She is within there, of course. Mrs. Stuart-Gordon will be delighted My daughter has not accompanied me, sir came only upon a matter of business, to which I crave your attention for a few moments, sir. "Certainly, madam," said the General, offering his arm to the lady, with certain vague misgiv-

Certainly, madam. Apollo, lead the

way into the library, and then let your mistress know that Mrs. Armstrong is here." "Sir, excuse me! I shall not present myself to your lady this morning!" Can we not persuade you to spend the day with us, madam?" said the General, in his bland

"Once more, sir! business alone brought me to the Isle of Rays," replied the lady, in a freezing tone. Again vague but gloomy present-iments darkened the mind of the General as he led Mrs. Armstrong into the library and handed her a chair. She seated herself with cold digni-ty. General Stuart-Gordon followed her exaple, and remained waiting for the lady to

speak.

"Be so good as to send your man from the room," said Mrs. Armstrong.

"Go Apollo," commanded the General; and Apollo went. "Well, madam, how can I serve you?" asked General Stuart-Gordon, after wait-

fng some minutes for her to begin. Sir, who is the heir of this Island Estate?

"My only son Louis, of course."
"By what right does Louis inherit this prop-In right of his mother, Margaret Stuart-"Then Louis Stuart-Gordon is master of this

estate and mansion-house "Not as yet, madam !" "Let that pass for the present. But, when I bestowed the hand of my daughter, Miss Arm-strong, upon your son, Mr. Stuart-Gordon, it was understood that she should take the head of this establishment. Was this so, or was it not so?"

Certainly, madam, that was the tacit under-"Never mind 'but." This house was re-furnished, fitted up, to suit the taste of Louise, was

Of course, madam, but"-"Louise was to have been its mistress-was

Who is its mistress ?

"My wife, Mrs. Stuart-Gordon senior." "Then the conditions of the marriage contract have not been fulfilled on your part! "The implied conditions, I grant you, madam, have been, so far, infringed. It was rather as-

sumed than stipulated, that Mrs. Louis should take the head of this establishment—and at a time, too, when my own marriage was not in con Sir, I, for one, make no allowances for after-

thoughts"
"Mrs Armstrong, pardon me, but this is really

very extraordinary on your part."
"General Stuart-Gordon, I am one of very few words; and, in one word, my business here to-day is to remind you of the conditions upon which the marriage of Louis Stuart-Gordon with Louise Armstrong was contracted, and to request your fulfilment of your part; in short, to ask you to give up possession here to the rightful ownersyour son and his wife

Mrs. Armstrong! had any other than your self have made so strange a proposition, I should ascribe their words to a disordered intellect." Do I understand you to refuse this, sir?" "Most certainly, madam; your singular propo-sition is not to be entertained for a single mo-

Then hear me, sir! I said that I was a woman of few words; you know that I am not a woman of vain words! and I tell you," she said, rising, Gordon," became "Brighty," and gave her per- folding her arms, standing before him with her slowly, through her closed teeth-"that, until you and your wife evacuate these premises, Mrs. of Rays, and never exchanges one word with any one member of the Island family. I waited my time! I have her! She is in my hands now! and, turning haughtily, she strode from the room, leaving General Stuart-Gordon standing, wonder-struck, in the middle of the floor, standing stock still, and staring straight ahead, until a pair of jewelled hands flashed down upon his breast, and a pair of sparkling eyes glanced up into his Britannia was standing before him.

Ruin! ruin, Brighty! Do you see that we man?" he said, drawing Britannia after him to the front window, and pointing to where Mrs. Armstrong's carriage was rolling away. "Do you see that woman? 'She is the infernal Até in good apparel.' She has deceived us all; her visit, her pretended reconciliation, was all a ruse, to get Louise into her power again. I would give ten thousand dollars to have Louise once more within the walls of this house. My dear Britannia, if, with your woman's wit, you will only con-jure Louise back again to this room, ask me for

any boon that moment, and it is yours? Nay, I am no match for Mrs. Armstrong neither do I understand one word of all this

"Then, Brighty, I suppose that, first or last, you must hear it. Mrs. Armstrong had honored me with her preference—was highly infuriated at my marriage—and now, that she has Louise safe under her own thumb, and knowing as she knows her absolute power over Louise, and knowing as she does that Louis is too fastidious to resort to legal measures for the recovery of his wife, she has ayowed her determination that Louise shall not set foot within the limits of the Isle of Rays, or hold any intercourse with any member of its family until we—you and myself—shall have evacuated the premises. There! I said so! Your bright eyes, my dear, are as wide open with astonishment as mine were when you came in and found me!"

Brighty's eyes were now cast down; she seemed buried in deep thought for a few minutes, then suddenly breaking the thread of her reverie, she took his hand and said-

Come! luncheon is served in the oaken parlor !" and drew him out. Over that luncheon the General and Brighty had a long and confi-

Armstrong returned to Mont Crystal. Louise sat sewing in one of the large front chambers whose lofty windows commanded the river, isle, and opposite shore. This was Mrs Armstrong's summer sleeping-room. Every summer she migrated from the thickly carpeted and heavily curtained crimson bed-room to this large airy chamber, with tains, counterpanes, and toilet-covers. This was an airy, fragrant chamber, with a fine prospect from its windows. Louise shared this spartment with her mother, and now she sat at one of the while her heart went forth gladly into the morning glory of the sunlight. The morning air had tinged her delicately fair check with the faintest rose tint, a little deepened as it budded into the classic lips. Louise had always been pretty, but there was the germ of an exquisite beauty in her face, that could only be developed by a happy love. She was still pausing, with her needle in her hand, still looking forth upon the glorious landscape, when her mother entered from her Mrs. Armstrong had already divested herself of her riding-dress, and now taking out her knotting, she sat down near Louise, who took

her hand and pressed it reverently to her lips, still gazing forth upon the river, as though some-"You seem to like this front window, my Oh! I do, dearest mother! I like the pros-

pect from it so much. Look, mother! look! See the Isle of Rays, shooting streams of light! radiating sunbeams like an archangel's crown! Oh, his father the nature of the business that had detained him from home, at the same time and flashing waterfalls, seems to me as a glad, detained him from home, at the same time and glad spirit, rejoicing in its life of light, and formulation of leaving for Alexandria the next morning. most pray to it, as to some guardian-and when am there, it seems to me as if the vast and radiant wings of some bright angel enveloped me! and even now its waters seem to smile at me-its trees to wave their arms to me—it attracts, fascinates me—woos, invites me. Oh, see! it seems to nod and smile at me, mother; and my spirit flutters in my bosom, and plumes its wings, as though it would spread them, and, cleaving through all this sun-bright air, seek the bower of the blessed an-

"Ahem! poetry is very well in its place—that is, in gilt-edged books, bound up between em-bossed covers, and laid upon pier and centre ta-bles, to while away the hours of idle morning returned to Mont Crystal with her mother, there place here. You will please to remember, Mrs. or 1" and Louise lost her voice, and grew deadly to spend the week of her husband's absence.

Stuart-Gordon, that sentimentality is decidedly pale and faint. Mrs. Armstrong supported her "I desire to be connected with a non-slavehold."

The school free of charge by giving timely notice, directed to place here. You will please to remember, Mrs. or 1" and Louise lost her voice, and grew deadly to Purcel's Store.

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vulgar. Your manners, since your residence at the Isle of Rays, have deteriorated lamentably. You have lost that air of repose that once distin guished you "\_\_\_\_

But, oh, mother! it is so difficult only to p when one wishes to run-only to smile when one wishes to laugh—to speak low when one wishes to break out in a song. Why may not one be glad and gay in a free mountain scene like this, mother? Oh, look, mamma! the fountains on the Isle flush and play in the sunbeams all day long as they please-and the cataracts leap into the bosom of the river, making glad music through all the sunny hours—and the river flows on in light with its silent hymn of joy! And the forest trees wave! Oh! see how they bend and nod and throw up waves of green light to the skies-their offering of love to the skies, that smile back in love upon them! And the flowers, mother! Oh! stoop a moment from the window, and smile at them—if an open flower expresses anything on earth, mother, it is an open smile! And, mother, did you ever notice the rose leaning its cheeks sideways, caressingly, upon the green leaves that cluster tenderly around it? Oh! mother, is there anything in human nature that expresses beautiful love more beautifully than that? Now, mother, when I look out upon nature, and see nothing but beauty, love, and joy—and when my own heart leaps in my bosom to join the grand diapsson of grateful harmony—why must its ex-pression be checked and suppressed? It kills e, mother! it kills me!"
"It is Louis who has put all this nonsense into

You must never heed poets, my daughter. They are all—to use an expressive Scotch term—'daft.'"

Yes, it was Louis who revealed the life, the soul of nature to me-who translated the language of nature for me. One day, we sat on a bank of violets, and I stooped to pluck one, and his gentle hand dropped softly upon mine, and stayed its purpose. 'Do not pluck it, Louise,' he said, 'but look at it! see how full of expression it is!' And I looked. The violet had nestled itself under the shelter of its green leaves, and it peeped out at us with as much archness of ex-pression in the bend of its head, in the droop of its petals, as ever you saw in the side-long glance of a sky-bird, with its head bent aside-or the speaking eyes of a wild kitten, backing itself up into a corner. And we both watched the violet, as it seemed to watch us, and we would no more have plucked it than we would have tortured the bird or the kitten. Louis never kills a bird or squirrel, or anything else, or even pulls a flower. lets everything alone-everything live. Everything lives to Louis!"

Oh, how childish and peurile, not to say ridiculous, all this is! I see that I shall have a good deal of trouble in reforming and perfecting your manners, my dear Louise."

"No, you will not, my mother," said Louise, whose gaiety had been gradually subsiding. "No, you will not, my mother. There is something in the very air of this house that subdues me—its walls have the cold grandeur of the glaciers ; they from its windows upon the Isle of Rays, that, remembering my life there, I feel giad and wild." That is an over-long speech for an epigram, Mrs Stuart-Gordon."
"Dear mother, I did not mean that—excuse

forgive me. I did not know what I was Exactly, Louise. When you are not absurdly gay, you are ridiculously petulant. Why car you not be serene, like Miss Somerville? Then perhaps you would stand a better chance of re-

taining your hold upon your husband's heart."
"Why! mother—how is that? What do you "I mean, my dear child, that you are not quite o much to the taste of Louis as your friend, Suan Somerville, is"-

Mother, you distress me-so much," said Louher features growing pale and sharp.

My poor girl, my dear Louise, there is but one disinterested and ever-enduring love in the world, and that is the love of a mother."

Well, mother, I know that. You have told me a million of times. I have read it in all the books you ever put in my hands. I have even written it in copy-books. I know that. But still I do think Louis loves me with a 'disinterested and ever-enduring love,' although I may not be so worthy of him as Susan Somerville would have We do not always love only what is superior—we sometimes love inferior beings for their very need of us—se Louis, so Brighty, so the eneral, loves me.

bey cajole, caress, flatter the heiress of Mont

How do you know that?"

"How do you know that?"
"Oh! by a thousand signs—by every look, word, tone, and gesture—by every loving act of his, by every happy emotion of mine."
"Ah! good—did you ever see a play, Louise?" wish to talk about plays or other indifferent matrs. Mother, Louis"——
"Nonsense! what was the play you saw

"Romeo and Juliet." "There could not be a better play for the il-

ustration of my subject. I can imagine that this play moved the sympathics of your unsophisti-cated heart, Louise. Who played Romeo?" "George Barrett, mother." "A celebrated tragediah, to judge by newspa-

per criticism. Well! the passion was well coun terfeited -- was it not ?" "The love, the tenderness, the pathos, was well

played -was it not ?" To the life, mother! It wrung my heart like real tragedy enacting before me." Yet you know it was acknowledged acting?"

"Certainly, mother."
"Well, my dear Mrs. Stuart-Gordon, there is more acting, and more consummate acting, off the stage than on it! The family at the Isle of Rays is a corps of consummate actors, of which Louis Stuart-Gordon may be called the star. They love you not, Louise! There is not one of them who would not have preferred that Louis had married Miss Somerville, had she possessed a fortune equal to yours."

Oh, mother, mother, what makes you think

"Yes, he likes you as the Romeo of the acted

drama liked the Juliet, but he loves Susan Somer-"Oh, mother! this is not true! You are mistaken; oh, you must be mistaken; this cannot be true;" and Louise dropped her head upon her

hands and sobbed. "Recall, if you please, Louise, the agitation and illness of Miss Somerville at your wedding— recollect her precipitate retreat immediately after

e ceremony"—
"Oh, yes! yes! I remember that; oh, I recolon, yes: yes: I remember that; on, I recon-lect many things that then I could not account for, that now seem clear enough to me. Yes, I remem-ber now that many of the young girls bantered Susan, and said that it had been generally reported that she and Louis were to have been

"And so it had been generally reported, and Louis had given every color to the report by go-ing every afternoon and spending the whole eve-ning at the Crags, and, whenever her grandfather the Isle of Rays. In a word, both the General and Louis admired and loved Miss Somerville, and Louis would gladly have married her, and the General would gladly have consented to the marriage, had the young lady possessed an ade-quate fortune; and the grievous wrong is, that Louis, after selfishly winning the affections of this girl, has cruelly abandoned her, and married another woman whom he cannot equally love "Yes, he does love me, mother! But oh, poor Susan! Ah, yes! it is true—too true! I feel sure of it when I recall her agitation, her change of color whenever Louis looked at or spoke to her. Then her fearful lapse of spirits, her rapid decline of health and strength in the days that followed my marriage; and I remember that Brighty always sought to ward off observation

"Yes! that young lady was in the secret She was leagued with them, and against us." "Poor, dear Susan! But oh, mother! why did you not tell me all this before it was too late? "Because I have only recently suspected it

"Poor Susan! how could Louis have been so thoughtless! for whatever of wrong has been done or suffered, it has been from thoughtlessness: Louis intended no wrong." " Thoughtlessness! His actions have sprung

onfirmed them."

Susan Somerville was not rich enough to be his wife, but she is poor enough, pretty enough, and loving enough, to be his mistress." Louise sup-pressed a cry of horror and disgust. "Certainly; so he marries the unloved heiress, and takes the loved beggar under his protection."

Louise dropped her head upon her mother's shoulder, and groaned-"Oh, mother! what horrors are these you are "Oh, mother! what horrors are these you are revealing to me! My brain is reeling—reeling! my mind wanders. This is very dreadful, and yet it is of Louis—Louis that you speak! Oh, this is very, very horrible, and yet it is my mother that tells me. Yes, yes! my mind wanders—loses itself. All support, all reliance, seems falling beneath me! I am lost—dying! Mother! mothers—the and I coving lost her voice, and grew deadly with the support of the iniquity.

on her bosom while she bathed her temples with ing church, but there is none convenient, and I

"No, not all support is lost to you, my child Your mother still remains, Louise!"
"Oh, my mother! but this that you tell me! this that you tell me! It is too horrible to be true! but you, you tell it to me! You, whose word is truth! And to doubt your word, my mother, would be blasphemy."
"Do not sink under this, Louise! mother remains to you, my child! You have suffered a cruel, cruel wrong, but do not die un-

"Alas! Louis! The lost angel himself was no more beautiful, more treacherous than Louis! Lay me down, mother; I am weak all over! I Lay me down, mother; I am weak all over! I cannot sit up! Lay me down, mother!? Mrs Armstrong supported her to one of the white dimity-covered settees, laid her on it, sat by her, fanned her, bathed her forehead with Cologne, and talked to her in a soothing and subdued tone. Seeing that even with the aid of these efforts she did not revive, Mrs. Armstrong touched the bell and summoned Kate to bring a cordial. When Louise swallowed that, a little faint color came back into her cheeks, and she looked up. came back into her cheeks, and she looked up. Then Mrs. Armstrong said to her, in order not "Do you know that I have been to the Isle
Rays this morning, my daughter?"
"No, my mother, I did not?"
"No, my mother, I did not?"

"Yes, my child, I went there again; I went there to have justice rendered my child."
"Justice! Alas! mother, if Louis does not love me, and loves Susan Somerville, he cannot help it; and there is an end. Nothing can be

done, and nothing remains to me but—to dis!"
"My poor Louise, like a heart-sick child as you are! That is not the justice I spoke of. You know that you were to have been the mistress of that house, Louise, and that you are not; that your former governess is elevated to that dig-She is welcome to it, mother! I do not care

about it. Oh! if you knew how little I care for such distinction, how much I loved Brighty-how willing I was that she should take the burden with the dignity off my shoulders. Ah! now care for nothing, nothing!"
"But I care for you, Louise! I, your mother, feel interested in your welfare. And I say, Louise, that you have been cheated out of your

affections and your rank, both"
"For the latter I do not care. Let us talk no longer of the former, mother" Let me conclude, my dear, and then we will be silent forever upon the subject."
"Yes. Silence! darkness! quietude! death

that is what I want, mother !" "Louise, when I went this morning to the Isle of Rays, I was met with refusal! defiance!" "That affected reconciliation, Louise, was all

a piece of wicked hypocrisy. As soon as I de-manded justice for my daughter, I was met with insult that obliged me to leave the house.' "Oh! mother, I do not know what justice we want. I want neace. My very heart is dying in my bosom, and my mind wanders—wanders wanders!" she groaned, turning her head from

side to side, uneasily.
"Beat rest, Louise! Remain with your mother, who leves you. I do not flatter and cajole my child, it is true, for my affection is as dignified as it is disinterested and enduring." There is no doubt about your affection, at

least, my mother !" "Then you will content yourself to remain with me, Louise!"
"Alas! where else should I go, mother? Back to a nest of -; and yet I do love them! Brighty, the General, and dearest Louis. And though they should betray me a thousand times, I canno help loving them still, loving them fondly.

TO BE CONTINUED. For the National Era SLAVERY SINFUL IN ITSELF. AND NON-FELLOWSHIP OF THOSE PRACTICING IT THE DUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

OBJECTIONS-Concluded. 13th. Again the objector says: "I do not agree with my church and my preacher in their views about slavery; but then I must not give up all else in my church for the sake of getting clear

No. 10.

1. Then God was wrong in requiring his people to come out of mystical Babylon. The members of that church could have used the same object tion which the objector uses, and with the same

2 What is there in your church peculiarly excellent and essential to salvation, which you cannot find in charches not alayeholding? Perhaps the distinctive feature or excellence is the doctrine of election and reprobation, or the opposite doc-trines. Or the rite of baptism in some particular form—as by immersion or sprinkling; a talented preacher, or wealthy and large churches; or some-thing of the kind. Are-any of these essential to salvation? And will you suffer a gross immorality to be practiced by your church and to be taught by your preacher—a fundamental princi-ple of Christianity to be violated? Will you see souls around you deceived with a corrupt reli-gion, and sent down to hell?—for God says no extortioner shall enter the kingdom of Heaven Will you see the church crippled in her energies, the cause of God languishing-will you by your influence uphold the wrong, and withhold it from those whom you admit are struggling for essential right? Will you see and sanction by your fellowship the bondage of Christ in the least of his creatures, and the sale of the temple of the Holy Ghost for a price, rather than give up your little non-essentials?

ittle non-essentials?

And suppose your preacher, or your church, or both, should teach that idolatry is right, and quote the example of Rachel and Leah, with their father's household gods. Suppose they should teach that drunkenness is right, and quote the example of pious Noah. Suppose they should teach that adultery and fornication are right, and quote the example of David, Lot and his daughquote the example of David, Lot and his daughters. They could do it, and bring you, just as they do for slaveholding, perverted "Bible arguments" What would you do, brother—sister? Would you not exclaim, "Awful! preposterous! a plain violation of God's word! Can a man love God with all the beat god! ove God with all the heart, and his neighb himself, and do these things? An essential principle of God's religion is struck down! I must not sanction such a thing for a moment! How can I meet my God in peace, if I do? My little matters of taste I must give up, to save a funda-mental principle." Ah! and is not slaveholding as plainly a violation of the fundamental princi-ple of God's religion—love—as idolatry or adul-tery? Is it not a contempt for God—a want of love, when we load his innocent image with chains, and barter the temple of the Holy Ghost for a price? And is it not a violation of love to our neighbor, when we plunder from him his dearest rights—right to himself, his wife, his child? Yea, even to sanction it by our fellow-ship, though we do not the deed directly; yet we help others to do it by our sanction and presence. Reader, you hold, whilst the master beats and Go read Matthew xxii, 37-40; Luke x, 25-37; Isaiah i, 27; ii, 1-9, 16; 1 Cor. xiii; 1 John iii, 17, 18 The deed, the action, is necessary, as evidence of love. And will you suffer an es-sential principle of God's religion to be struck down, rather than give up your little matters of taste or prejudice—these non-essentials? Did all men do as you do, reform would never be accomplished. The talents would be hid in a napkin, and the enemy would continue to make encroachments after encroachments, until true religion would be driven from earth. Blessed will it be for you, dear reader, if you can say as Elijah to his God—"I am jealous for thy word."

And are you doing duty to the slave? Suppose you were in bonds, held by that church, or by that minister; or your mother, your husband, your wife, or your child, was in bonds, held by that minister, in doing the work—robbing the poor en-slaved mother, and perverting the religion of your

God? Yea, if the church members were silent in view of the outrages done in the name of religion, would you uphold them? No, you would not. Then do as you would be done by.

14th. Says another: "Say what you will, I am not going to leave my church." These were the words of a beloved brother, who has been for many years mourning over the condition of the slave, and has long been regarded as an Anti-Slavery man. His expression is the sentiment of many others; and when put in plain English, runs thus: "I know there are other churches free from the sin of slaveholding, and churches hold from the sin of slaveholding, and churches holding in other respects the same fundamental doctrines that my own does, and churches in whose connection I should not have to alter my religious belief, nor my practice, an lota; yet I have had such happy seasons in my church, or it is so orthodox, or so efficient and large, that though I have to fellowship slaveholding, one of the worst of sins—as Wesley said, the sum of all villanies—and though the foot of my example is upon the neck of the poor slave, and though I have to fellowship those who bind my Saviour in the person of his poor, yet I cannot give up my church." The difficulty with such is, that they leve "ism"—their denomination—more than righteousness, and they are taking happy sea-

want a place for myself and my family to go to on Sabbath—and the church I am connected with on Sabbath—and the church I am connected with is a very orderly, Sabbath-observing church," (so were the Jews; but their "hands were full of olood;" and, though they had their solemn as-semblies, God would not hear their prayers until semones, God would not near their play turned to the work of relieving the oppressed.—Isaiah i, 13—17)—"and the preacher preaches sound doctrine in other respects, and says many good things." Yes—and the same might be said of many Pagan or Mohammedan churches. They might be orderly in many things, their assemblies solemn, and the pricets might say many excellent things, and at the next breath strike a fatal blow at a fundamental point, or, by example, propagate a most dangerous and God-dishonoring doctrine. Would you feel that, by your presence and memberehip, you ought to sustain such, even if there were no Christian churches within a thousand miles of you? Would you feel that such churches were safe nurseries for your families, with minds not yet fully instructed in the true principles of religion? "Evil communi-cations corrupt good manners." False dectrines may taint the youthful mind. And father! brother! if ye shall train your family in a slave-holding and slave-despising church—and your holding and slave-despising church—and your children shall imbibe a contempt for labor and for God's poor, spurning meekne-s and love, the essentials of Christianity—blame no one, but your own folly. You may possibly escape as Lot, but your heart will be wrung with anguish as you behold your sons and sons-in-law laugh at your exhortations "as one that mocked;" and, though you may drag from the flames two daughters, it may be with hearts corrunted and habits ruined may drag from the flames two daughters, it Escape for thy life." Better that you should make your church connection in New York or New Orleans, if you can find a pure church there, and make pilgrimages once a year and give your name and influence for truth and righteousness and thus let your light shine, rather than uphold that which corrupts God's Word, enfeebles the church, curses your country, and endangers the spiritual safety of your family. Let your example be wholly for truth and righteousness whilst in doing it. Your crown at last will be bright if you are faithful until death; and, should you be a martyr for truth, it will be enough—oh! it will be enough at last to wear the white robes of righteousness, and wave the palms of victory.

16th. Does the objector again say: "I am daily praying for a pure church, and will join one so

soon as God in his providence shall raise one up convenient to me—in our neighborhood?" Well, brother, it is right that you should pray We doubt not the efficacy of prayer. And Cromwell doubted not the efficacy of prayer; and yet he saw the duty of using means. On the night before the memorable battle of Dunbar, the rain was descending in frequent showers; the enemy had hedged him in on all sides, and were more than double his number, and had the advantage in many respects. He had decided that on the morrow the decisive battle must be fought. Himself a praying man, he said to his soldiers, many of whom were seen in groups praying: "Pray—and nithal keep the ponder dry." That is, pray for God's blessing, and use necessary means. And with the blessing of God, and dry powder, he whipped the enemy and took near half of them as prisoners. Now, reader, if you will also use the means, if you will come out, and induce one or more to come with you, and band yourselves together, determining to stand for truth and right-cousness, you will have a minister. God in his providence will send you one. Do the deed, and spread your hands abroad; let your mants be known, and there will be ministers to feed you. Yes, there are now ministers whose hearts are ching for the chance to travel muddy roads, t buffet the storm, and use plain fare, that they may meet such spirits. Yes, it little bands will rise up here and there, circuit-riding will become

17th. Many ministers will object, "If I come out, my sphere of influence will be small, con-fined to little handfuls here and there, with perhaps not more than twenty to a hundred hearers. Now I have a large church, with active members, (the Pharisees were active, and made proselytes, and "devoured widows' houses,") and I am con-nected with a large and influential denomination; surely I can do more in my present connection, though I am connected with slaveholding churches; otherwise my influence would be very limited." Yes, we are often infatuated with a show of numbers, and our self-righteous hearts pleased, and consciences relieved, by a big sacri-Saul thought to atone for his rebellion by offering a big sacrifice. But Samuel replied: "To obey and even not bailt at all, that to built up a reformable now, brother, however extended, but to build up a church, either practicing or sanctioning iniquity? And all the talents you may have, and all the piety and extended organization which you may gather around you, will only render your influence the greater for error, and the stronger against those who may be laboring for the truth. The world will say to such, "sure all your zeal for the purity of God's word and church, and all your sympathy for the slave, must be wrong. See that talented and pious preacher, with his

large and flourishing churches; they do not teach and act as you do; you must be in error."

Thus, dear brother, your talents and extended influence is an influence for evil. You may feel and the large audiences you have, and to preach about in private dwellings, school-houses, or som out-house, propped up on all sides, as the old chapel at Wittemburg, where Luther began, and to get your support just as you can catch it—this, you may feel, is a small and too hazardous a business. True, it is the day of small things, but it should not be despised. And why should not you bear a part in the struggle? Did all men act as you, reform would never be accomplished. We know ministers whose burdened souls for truth and the slave caused them to leap from the old organizations; but, finding their "spheres of in-fluence too limited," as they said, have gone back. Ah! many, like Erasmus, have conscience enough to feel the evil, but not courage enough to brave

brend for my family; the new organizations are too small to yield me a support." Yes, many yet must walk by sight, and not by faith. Do you suppose. dear reader, that if you entered into the work with your whole soul, determining to do your part, showing, by your economy and your industry, your aceal for the truth, and your willingness to bear hardship as a good soldier, that God would not raise up friends to help you? More sure than that God feeds the ravens of the valley, will he feed you. It cannot be otherwise. God will raise up friends who will love to help such minis ters; and God will water the souls of those who Cabin Creek, Kentucky.

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JOHN W. NORTH. A TTORNEY and Counsellor at Law, and General La Agent, Falls of St. Anthony, Minnesota Territory. Oct. 11.—y

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE-1849.

G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, AND J. B. TAYLOR, BIJTORS.

THE January number of Graham's Magazine—the first number of the New Volume—is now ready for the mails and for shipments to agents. The Publishers and Editors while expressing satisfaction in the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the New Volume. It is well known that no other Magazine ever published in the English language has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. Beyant, tooper, Paulding, Herbert, Longfellow, Hofman, Willis, Fay, Simms, constitute alone a corps greater than any ever before engaged for a single work An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, AND J. B. TAYLOR pages with their productions; and several eminent author who have not hitherto appeared in our pages will hereafte be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character will be unsuccessful. In every department, the highest ta

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